

## Pitter and Patter in Vodville Chatter on Love

By Nat N. Dorfman

**P**ITTER—I hear you were in love.  
**P**ATTER—Yes, but I'm all right now, thank you.  
**P**ITTER—Don't you believe that love makes the world go round?  
**P**ATTER—Yes, but why fall in love when you can get the same sensation at less cost from home brew?  
**P**ITTER—I understand the girl you loved was a decided blonde.  
**P**ATTER—Yes, she decided it two weeks before I met her.  
**P**ITTER—Did she return your ring after you broke off?  
**P**ATTER—Oh, no; she's a telephone operator and she never returns a ring.  
**P**ITTER—Well, cheer up, old man. You know it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.  
**P**ATTER—Yes, in fact, it's much better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won, for then all would be lost.  
**P**ITTER—Apparently you believe that love leads to the altar?  
**P**ATTER—Yes, I believe it does lead to the altar.  
**P**ITTER—Remember, not all men go wrong by getting married.  
**P**ITTER—Do you think Shakespeare had marriage in mind when he said, "Beware the Ides of March?"  
**P**ATTER—Oo, no; if he did he'd

have probably said, "Beware the brides of June."

**P**ITTER—Be that as it may, I'm seriously thinking of getting married.

**P**ATTER—If you think seriously of it, you won't get married.  
**P**ITTER—But she's the most beautiful girl in the world.

**P**ATTER—Perhaps the milkman knows different.

**P**ITTER—I tell you her face is her fortune.

**P**ATTER—You mean her face made the druggist's fortune.

**P**ITTER—And she has money in the bank.

**P**ATTER—But the question is, can you bank on it?

**P**ITTER—I can see where your interest lies in the matter.

**P**ATTER—Oh, no, it's just the principle of the thing with me that counts.

**P**ITTER—Don't you think that all the world loves a lover?

**P**ATTER—Yes, particularly the fellows who sell engagement rings.

**P**ITTER—By the way, what do wedding bells say when they chime?

**P**ATTER—Another good man gone rung.

**P**ITTER—Pitter and Patter close their act by singing a delicious ditty entitled "Two can live as cheap as one, but who wants to live that cheap?"

**P**ATTER—Oo, no; if he did he'd

Curtain.

## THE FAMILY

**POPS BOSS INVITES HIM TO PLAY GOLF WITH HIM = POP THINKS THE GAME IS TOO MILD AND ONLY FOR KIDS AND OLD MEN = THE FAMILY AGREE.**

I TOLD HIM GOLF WAS ONLY A GAME FOR CRIPPLES, AND I'M A HEALTHY GUY.

IS THAT THE GAME YOU PLAY ON HORSE BACK?

WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT, HE MIGHT GIVE YOU A RAISE.

POP WOULD LOOK RANNY IN SHORT PANTS.

AS FUNNY AS YOU WOULD IN LONG ONES.

I KNOW HE'LL GET THE FEVER, AND NEVER BE HOME.

POP WILL GET A STROKE WHEN HE HEARS WHAT HATTIE PAID FOR THIS HAT.

MOM WOULD MAKE A GOOD GOLFER, SHE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE AN 'IRON'.

HOW WOULD RATHER PLAY TENNIS = HE LIKES GAMES WITH 'LOVE' IN THEM.

"COMEDIAN" THAT TAKES THE STARCH OUT OF ME.

## KRAZY KAT



## HELPFUL HENRY



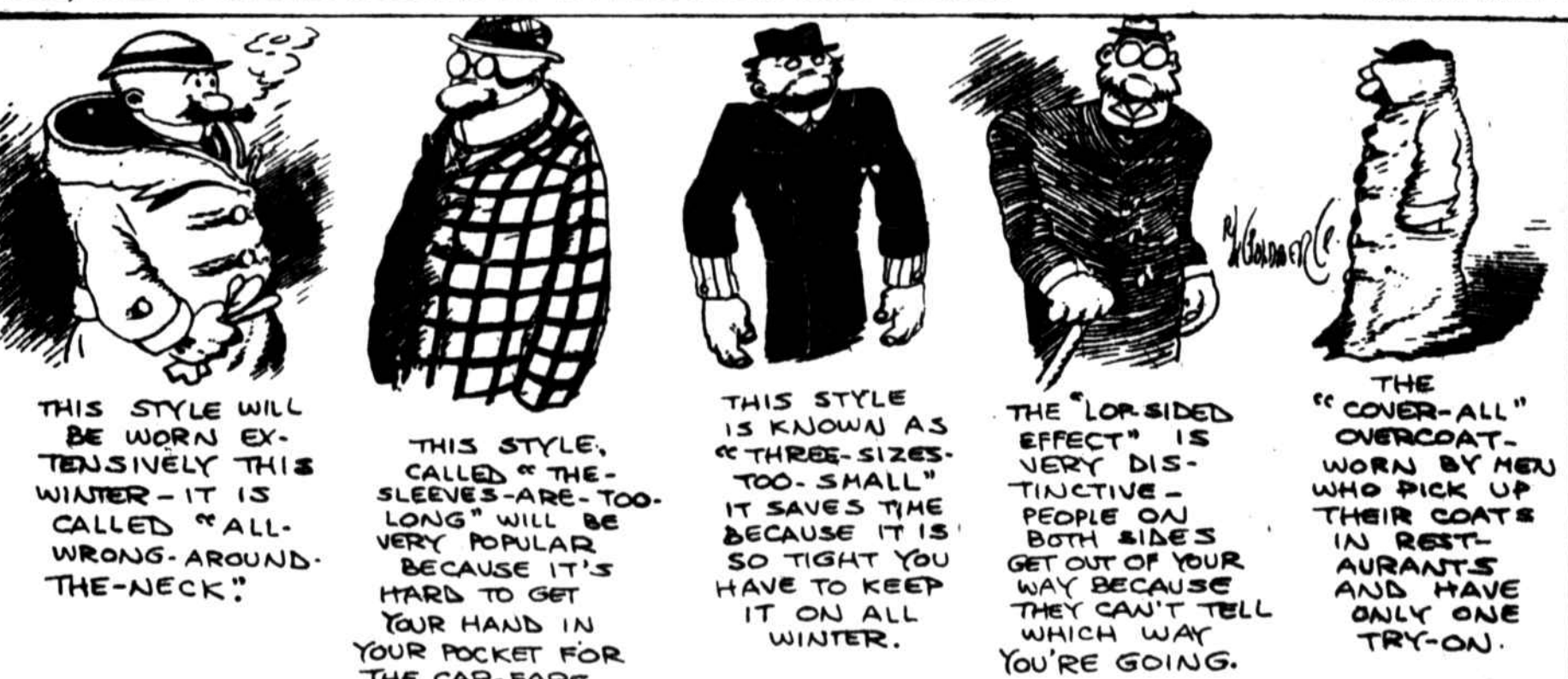
## FREDDIE



## NO WEDDING BELLS



## AH, THE WINTER STYLES IN OVERCOATS ARE HERE!



## JERRY ON THE JOB



## Repertee Won't Get Him a Thing



## NEWLYWED WAILS

**C**OLUMBUS proved that the earth was round, but many a wife has made her husband feel flat in it.

Some men are natural born flirts, while others had the winking habit forced on 'em by prohibition.

When a wife says she wants only pin money to go shopping with, the chances are she'll stick him with the bills later on.

When people fall in love they call it a match, and so all their well-wishers stand on the sidelines to see it burn out.

Woman, says a philosopher, is like bootleg whiskey. Both come high and have enough kick in 'em to knock a man silly.

Most women have a knack of keeping their age well-to themselves.

When a fellow tells a girl he could die walking with her he only means until the last notes die away and nothing else.

Tell a man about a paradise on earth and instantly he thinks of somebody's bachelor quarters.

## SPLINTERS

If the flapper isn't careful in those new skirts of hers she'll be a flopper.

Do you remember those happy days when a "blowout" meant a good time?

Here's a little refrain that might interest the song-writer: They used to call it "knockout drops,"

But now they call it "hootch."

The cynic who lives up the street remarks: "I've just met the stingiest guy I ever saw. Why before that bird would buy a used lawn mower he'd insist on knowing its mileage."

Mother—Come, Mary, dear, put on your bonnet. We're going to the pictures. Little Mary—Oh, I don't want to go there, mother. Let's go to a show we can listen to.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS JAZZED

By La Monte Waldron.

**"S**OME evenin," Mag, ain't it? Whereya be'n, kid, do?"

"Me? Why I took a hack at the movans. Some swell show, bambino."

"O! Didya see Harold Heart-beat in his new film?"

"Yep, an' it was grand, Sadie. Yuh oughta be'n there."

"Yeh, I oughta, I'll say so, but I had four runs tuh sew up in-muh stockin's."

Ain't it tur'ble the way them silk ones go on yeh, after the fierce price they nick yuh for 'em, too?"

"It sure is, butcha reely oughta seen Harold. Ain't he got a swell map, an' them lamps of his, an' such a beautiful dome? An' that perm'nent wave of his is somethin' wonderful!"

"Yeh, ev'ry time he seems to give me the once-over, even in the pitchers, it makes me feel like I stepped on a live wire; it sure does."

"They say he gits a thousan' bucks a week in the pitchers."

"Well—if that's all they hand Harold, they owe him dough, take it from me. He's some bird, an' they only come one in a oake, like him. He's the eel's ankle."

"I'll tell the world an' Jersey City."

"He's all of that, an' then some, Sadie. Yuh said a carful, kiddo."

## Those Deadly Cooties.

Old Lady—They tell me that you went through the war without a scratch.

Veteran—Somebody's been kidding you, lady. The darned things bit me every night.

## At Popular Prices.

Mary had a little lamb, Some steak, some fruit and custard;

When her escort paid the check He found that he was busted.

## Modern Version.

Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,

Sweet Alice whose eyes were so brown;

She drank the bootleg you gave her, Ben Bolt,

And now she lies under the ground.

## THE SONG OF THE SKIRT

By Jane McLean

**N**O longer will the flapper flap Along the F street way, No longer will the eyes of man Demurely downward stray.

For Fashion's sent her edict forth That dimpled knees must hide, And fatted calves must browse unseen Tho' woe to all betide.

They used to say, not long ago, If women had the vote, They'd beard old Custom in his den And wring his tyrant throat.

Old Custom grinned and ordered skirts To heights unknown before; And women cried with loud acclaim, "We'll sweep the streets no more!"

Old Custom frowns, and down come skirts For better or for worse, And women cry with triumph now, "We'll sweep the universe!"